

## Four Unlikely Friends

by NightHunterDeath

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Summary: Luna is Rowena Ravenclaw, Susan is Helga Hufflepuff, Neville is Godric Gryffindor, and Harry is Salazar Slytherin. (Sort of a reincarnation fanfic). The four finally get the chance they deserve to get out of societies expectations and are allowed to be free. They will build the community of today and change the world as they knew it. Full Summary inside.

## Four Unlikely Friends

**\*\*Four Unlikely Friends\*\***

**\*\*Summary:** When faced with an urge and the guidance of Hogwarts, Harry, Luna, Susan, and Neville are thrown into an unlikely past that they never knew that they would have. Growing up with a life they should (always) have had, they learn and teach subjects to different students and developing their own way of life changes them in ways others wouldn't have guessed. When they return home to their time line, what will other's think of them?**\*\***

**\*\*Luna is Rowena Ravenclaw, Susan is Helga Hufflepuff, Neville is Godric Gryffindor, and Harry is Salazar Slytherin. Dumbledore bashing** "not sure about the Weasleys and Hermione though."**\*\***

**\*\*"Prologue" \*\***

Events always happen for a reason, or so you have been taught. There is no single event in the world that was not meant for a reason you didn't comprehend yet. Life was like a never-ending cycle, one that no one could escape from. People die for a reason, grew up, and were criticized for explanations that you might never get.

Moments in time, the way people lived their lives or were forced to, always meant something.

Nothing was never meant for anything.

There was a reason why the little red-head girl was forced to play the perfect pureblood princess. She was forced to learn her work by heart, to be the best of her house by her parents' memories and portraits. She learned the political signs, the etiquette every proper woman was supposed to know and the most basic charms for house work.

She hated the life, no matter how much it made her feel useful.

She despised not being able to cry in public, in being taken advantage of and her kindness taken for granted. She watched as people (children) tried to get into her good graces because of the position her aunt was in. She hated it, despised it, and raged like you would never have seen before.

This was not the life she wanted to live.

There was a reason why the little blonde girl watched her mother die, watched as her corpse burned to the ground in the middle of her experiment. Her mental state was destroyed, her sight taking on new levels that only she could understand. She watched as little creatures controlled people's emotions and minds, tried to cope with her mother's death and blaming it on these creature which no one else could see.

She hated the way she constantly spaced out.

How no one truly understood her because she was so messed up.

She despised how people never seemed to look past the veil in front of their eyes. It was horrible, her items that meant the world to her being tossed around like nothing. She didn't have any friends, and she hated the girl who lived a field away from her. She hated never being understood.

There was a reason, no matter how little it was, that the boy had to watch as his parents were driven insane. There was a glimpse of the future as to why he was forced to endure the same curse for fifteen minutes as a toddler. He was bullied by his family, his mental health taking a hit and his self-esteem and confidence flunking to the bottom of the sea. He was a timid boy, not really one for spell crafting or anything to do with magic, almost a squib with how little assurance he had.

He hated his worthlessness.

And then there was him. The little boy everyone remembered but never listened to. There might not have been a clear reason for his life, why it turned out in such a disaster. He was forced to watch his mother and father give their lives for his, a soul unworthy to save in his eyes. Never knowing about the world he came from he worked as a slave for his remaining maternal family, being hit and starved of every basic need. It not only stunt his physical growth, but his self-worth as well.

He hated himself.

None of them knew each other, at least not well. They knew that they existed, that the other three were out there someone within the corridors of the castle. The two boys knew each other fairly well, having spent the past five years with each other in the same tower. There was a wall between them, separating themselves from the brotherhood they could have had. The girls never knew of each other, but knew of the boys names. They might have crossed paths in the hall way, but never once did they even make eye contact or hold a conversation, much less exchange names with each other.

Deep inside they wished they could though. They wished they were not caged by expectations and sides that didn't really matter. They desired to be free, to finally go to a place where was home but not so filled with heartache. Their magic ached to be free, thrashing around in agony in hopes that one day their counterparts would meet. Magic tried to comfort their loved ones, tried to get them to see past the life they lived up until now. They just didn't seem to be able to see though. Couldn't see each other like their magic saw them.

Magic made them see that they we're missing though, demanded it get that much even if they didn't even get an inch further.

They missed each other.

And the school knew that as well.

She could not act though, not yet at least. She couldn't grant them their wishes and hopes until the time was right. Couldn't allow herself to give into the temptations until she was sure there was no leaps in time that could disturb the past and future.

\_Next summer\_, the castle promised herself. Just three more months. Simmer while he learns of the truth. Postpone until they are who they need to be. Wait until they come home.

A little bit longer.

\_You'll be home soon. I promise\_

**\*\*Pages: 2\*\***

**\*\*Words: 892\*\***

**\*\*Sorry its so short, but its what needed to be done. I've had this sitting on my laptop now for about a year, and while I understand that you guys have been begging for this, I have no idea where I'm headed in this story. Not to mention that I'm probably going to try to finish \*\*\*\*Eyes of the Sun\*\*\*\* first before moving onto anything else. I'd figure I'd let you get a good feel for it though. I have two mindsets for this story. I could either make it so they go back in time and are 'reborn' into a new family - the founder's family, or go back in time and somehow become the founders of Hogwarts. I like the first idea better. I'm of mixed minds on what to do when going back - do I leave the original time line to suffer for their sins and send the 'founders' to a different diemension where Lily, James, and everyone else still lives, or should I send them to their own timeline, and then later if I feel up to it do the same idea after their war is over? Its really all in your hands. I'm okay with either one.\*\***

**\*\*For those of you have checked out Darkened Moonlight before 4/9/16, the problem has been fixed and the wall of code has been removed. I apologize for that little hiccup. I have a poll on my profile, go check it out if you want anything to be updated.\*\***

**\*\*Kind people, review. It helps with so much more than you could ever imagine.\*\***

**\*\*Love, Night\*\***

End  
file.